

[ORIGINAL.]

## ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

BY MARY PERCIVAL.

The voice of joy was hushed,  
And sorrow reigned around,  
When we laid away our darling  
'Nearth yonder grassy mound.

O, gently came the angel,  
Wandering in quest of flowers,  
To twine a beauteous garland  
To deck celestial bowers.

He gathered from our garden  
A bud of promise fair,  
And took our infant darling  
To realms of purer air.

That here in this cold world of ours  
He said it ne'er could bloom;  
And told us of a better land  
Away beyond the tomb.

Here we are left to watch and pray,  
For soon he'll come again;  
Peace, troubled heart, and meekly bear  
A heavenly Father's reign!

O, suffer it to go to him—  
Of such his kingdom is;  
For in that beauteous garland there  
Our choicest gem is his.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE SMUGGLER'S BRIDE.

BY DAVID A. HARRISON.

In the spring of 1829 there came to Marseilles, to the hotel where I lodged, a young couple in whom I became very much interested. They occupied rooms opposite to mine, and from meeting them several times daily, in the hall, we passed from bowing to speaking, and before many months we became very intimate and formed a very happy trio. Henri Zeiber was a German, and his wife, the beautiful Nina, a Frenchwoman. They had been married but a few weeks, before they came to Marseilles, and over them seemed to hang a cloud, but one which seemed gradually to lighten.

I was obliged to remain at Marseilles some months, and the time would have hung rather heavy on my hand, for I was a companionable person and very fond of home comforts, had it not been for the smart, witty Zeiber, and his gentle, affectionate little wife. For me, they made a home—I was always welcome, and many a pleasant evening I spent in their rooms, reading or listening to Nina Zeiber, who with a very

sweet voice and much expression, sang pretty ballads and love songs.

Some of my time I spent in painting, and one day, after watching Nina's face, I made bold to ask her to sit for the prominent figure in my new picture. She very willingly consented, and was quite curious about my picture. It was a fancy sketch, and I refused to give any information relative to the subject, or let them see my work till it was completed. Nina Zeiber sat three times—three successive days, then I closed my studio door and painted in silence. Each day Henri asked if it was finished and was answered in the negative. He almost worshipped his wife, and I know that the interest he expressed in my work was caused by his desire to see his wife's lovely face in canvass. I am sure I didn't blame him, for Nina Zeiber had the most beautiful face I ever saw—exquisite in feature, color and expression. At last the picture was finished, and for an amateur, it was good. The subject had been suggested to me by the reading of a pretty little Spanish story. It represented a dark, deep cave, by the water, with the green, curling waves rolling a little ways into the mouth of it. In the centre of the picture, and of the opening of the cave, brought into relief by the dark, rough rocks and angry waves, were two figures—a man, roughly dressed, lying on his back, with his feet almost washed by the waters, and his deathly pale face turned upward—and, bending over him, the figure of a beautiful woman whose face expressed despair and anxiety. The face was slightly raised, and the dark, anxious eyes were looking out of the cave across the waters. The back-ground was filled in with rough rocks and swarthy, dark-browed men. The sole ray of light in the picture glanced in as if from the top of the cave, and fell upon the face of the dying man, and upon the upper part of the woman's face, lighting only the deep, despairing eyes.

Placing my pet in the best possible light, I eagerly called my friends to examine it. They came and I watched to see the effect my picture would produce. I saw Nina turn a little pale, and a deep flush spread over the brow of Henri Zeiber, involuntarily they draw a little closer to each other. I was astonished at the sensation my picture had produced, and my artist's pride rose, for I saw that I had painted forcibly. Visions of future greatness and a name hereafter famous in the annals of art, floated before my eyes. My ambitious dreams were broken into, by a question asked in a hoarse voice:

"What do you call your picture, Monsieur Harrison?"

"The Smuggler's Bride," I answered readily enough. And the next instant I felt the iron grasp of two hands upon my throat; my feet slid from under me, and I fell to the floor, and Henri Zeiber was kneeling upon my chest. I was astonished, bewildered, frightened. I had never been served so before since I was a Freshman at Yale, and got collared by young Watkins. I closed my eyes for one instant, thinking all was lost; that I was in the clutches of a madman and would never leave them alive. I closed my eyes, and what between fright (for I am a coward) and strangulation, I was fast losing my senses, when I heard Nina's voice, a trembling, fearful voice, and it sounded better than the sweetest music I ever heard:

"Henri, Henri! *Was wollen sie thun?* (What are you going to do?)

I was not much of a German scholar then, but I know that the execrable growls he uttered meant that he was going to murder me then and there. I trembled from head to foot, and a cold perspiration settled over me. Ugh! I tremble now. Suddenly I felt the grasp of his fingers loosen, and I heard Nina talking to him in her winning manner. I cautiously opened one eye, but his great, dark eyes were on me and the relentless fingers tightened gently, gently but still with strangling meaning. I dared not move, and being a timid man, and, moreover, no match for my athletic foe, I resolved to be quiet and strive to prepare for the worst.

It seemed as if I had lain there hours, though it was only a few seconds, when Henri Zeiber rose and Nina with her bright eyes bent over me. I felt she was looking at me, still I dared not open my eyes. Presently she exclaimed, in a low, sad voice:

"Henri! Henri! You have killed him!"

I hated to pain her kind heart, so at that exclamation, I gave a dolorous groan and faint movement. It had the desired effect. Nina again bent over me and asked, fearfully:

"Monsieur Harrison, are you very much hurt?"

I was more frightened than hurt, but concluded it was best policy to "play possum" a little while longer, so in a faint, half-strangled voice, I gasped out:

"Ah—but—gone. Can—you—not—raise—me—and—and—lay me—on—my—bed?"

I kept my eyes closed and breathed short and hard, with here and there a groan. A few seconds I lay there, when I felt myself raised in the powerful arms of my foe and borne to the next room, where I was laid upon the bed, with no very gentle motion, but I pardoned the little

malice, and Nina bathed my head and throat with cold water and cologne. Still doubtful as to the wisest course to pursue, I lay perfectly quiet, with my eyes obstinately closed. Only a few minutes did I lay there, for soon the young Zeiber, the tiger! left the room. As soon as I was sure that he was safe in his own room, by the click of the latch, I sprang from my bed, thereby frightening Nina half out of her senses.

"In Heaven's name, Nina, tell me the reason of your husband's strange behaviour!"

"I cannot, Monsieur Harrison, but Henri will. It is the only apology he can make you for his almost fatal violence. Are you better? Can you listen to him now? I will call him."

"O, don't," I exclaimed, and one hand involuntarily sought my injured throat.

Nina smiled mischievously, and said as she went to the door:

"You have nothing to fear."

When she left the room I dragged my chair to the low window, resolved that if Henri Zeiber made such another spring at me, I would jump into the street. But Nina had spoken rightly, when Henri entered the room all his frenzy seemed to have passed, and in a sad voice he begged to be forgiven.

"My injured friend, can you ever forgive me?"

"Most certainly," I answered, with the affability of the great Mogul. "Please be seated, and if not too disagreeable or painful, I will listen to your explanation."

"I can explain it in only one way—by telling you a story, asking only one favor in return—that you will keep what I tell you a profound secret. The following is the tale as I heard it:

"In the year 1829, the Rhine perfectly swarmed with smugglers, no cargo was safe, and the wily contrabandists eluded the utmost vigilance. The winter was cold and the earth covered half the time with snow. The government grew desperate, and late in the fall sent to Rhineland one whom they judged would carry terror to the hearts of the contrabandists. Carl Loiret and his daughter, Elise, settled among the people, and none suspected the truth. Elise was bewitchingly beautiful, and soon all the youths were wild about her, seeming to care for nothing but obtaining a smile from her. This no one was able to do but the bold, handsome Moritz Ebstorff. To him the beautiful Elise gave her young heart, and she gave it to one worthy of it as far as the world could judge.

"Carl Loiret alone seemed to look suspiciously at the young man, and even went so far as to forbid him the house, giving his pretty Elise as a

reason for doing so, that he belonged to the band of contrabandists. That reason was not sufficient, and Elise and Moritz met clandestinely. What she learned of her lover did not seem to frighten Elise Loiret, for she clung to him with a devoted love.

"One evening Carl Loiret was quietly sipping his coffee, when the door opened and unannounced an official entered the room. His dress and manner betokened haste and anxiety, which his words soon explained.

"Up! up! Loiret! There's mischief afloat! One of the smugglers, a drunken oaf, has peached and disclosed the whole infamous plot—rendezvous and watchword. Get ready as quick as you can! Arm yourself, for there will be the deuce to pay this night, or my head for a foot-ball!"

"Without a word Carl Loiret rose and hastily wrapped himself in cap and cloak, and took from his desk a brace of clumsy pistols. As he left the room he whispered to his terror-stricken Elise:

"I am right, and if I come across that scoundrel, Ebstorff, I'll shoot him like a mad-dog. They cannot escape me now."

"Now was no time for faltering, so Elise summoned all her courage and with a calm, smiling face, she answered:

"I fear not for Ebstorff, but, father, be careful they do not outwit you again. They are slippery customers, and know the rocks and hiding-places better than you."

"So father and daughter parted. As soon as the door closed and Elise heard her father's feet breaking through the little crust of snow outside the house, she fell upon her knees beside a chair, and sobbed bitterly. A few moments she gave way to grief, then sprang up.

"Moritz, I will save you—save you, or die! What would life be without you! Blessed was the hour when led by your love you disclosed all to me. Now I can aid you, and I will!"

"In a few seconds Elise was warmly dressed and ready for any emergency. She was pale but firm. Taking the precaution to throw a white drapery over her shoulders and dress, she sallied out, and as long as her road lay in the direction her father had taken, she closely kept in his track, and her tiny feet made no mark. Quickly and silently Elise Loiret walked till she reached the river's bank—a steep, rocky precipice. Here she paused to deliberate, and as she did so, the village clock tolled the hour—half past eleven—and at twelve the contrabandists would be starting on their projects. To go round by the way Moritz had told her of, would take an hour, for

it was a rough, dangerous road, and then she would be too late—too late! Kneeling upon the snow with eager eyes Elise peered over the precipice—nothing but rocks covered in places with ice and snow. It was the only sure way of reaching the rendezvous, and yet—it was almost certain death to attempt it.

"I shall be too late if I go the other way, and here I can but perish."

"Seizing with both hands the overhanging bough of a tree, Elise swung off into the darkness. The branch cracked and bent lower and lower, till Elise felt her feet touch a narrow, rocky ledge, the one she had espied from the bank. So far was good, and Elise smiled triumphantly, though she knew the worst had to be accomplished. Clinging to the sharp rocks, swinging over the black waters beneath, sliding with the ice and snow, dizzy and bleeding, Elise at last reached the rocky base, and sank almost fainting on the ground. Her feet were almost bare, her shoes having been torn from her feet by the sharp rocks, and her delicate little hands were torn and bleeding. A moment she paused to recover her self-possession, then started on her comparatively easy road. At last she reached the narrow side-entrance to the smugglers' vast cave. The men were busy, and so silently had she come, that none noted her approach, till at the deep, resounding, despairing cry, 'you are betrayed! Fly!' they looked up, and beholding a delicate, womanly figure draped in white, with dishevelled hair and bleeding hands the most of them, ignorant, superstitious people, were horror-stricken and fled precipitately, never looking behind them. One remained, and that was Moritz Ebstorff, and he turned and questioned fiercely, for in the dim light he did not recognize his dearly beloved, and her voice so changed by fatigue and fear gave no clue to her identity.

"Who are you, who dares to speak treason?"

"Fly for your life, and question not! Farewell, Moritz!"

"He knew her then, and sprang forward in time to catch her in his arms, as overcome with cold, fatigue, pain and fear she fainted. Just then a faint light appeared, and the officers of the revenue arrived. They saw the tall, manly figure, but not the fragile being in his arms, and the foremost man fired and Moritz fell. The report of the musket resounding through that echoing cavern, roused Elise from the swoon, and wholly conscious she sprang to her feet, and exclaimed, as she saw another man raise his gun:

"You do well to fire upon a woman, and that woman the daughter of your commanding officer."

"The musket fell, and the man came forward."

"Your pardon, Mademoiselle Loiret. I dreamed not of meeting you here. Return with us. All have fled."

"All, save this one, who lies dead at your feet. Go without me. I watch here by my dead, till the morning comes. Say to my father that when my vigil is over, I will return. Go, now!"

The men obeyed silently. When they were gone, Elise busied herself with her lover. He was quite severely wounded. When she had made him comfortable as possible, she left him, and soon by the aid of the smugglers' wives had him transferred to a place of safety before day-break. When the sun rose, the officers reached the cave and found a large quantity of valuable goods and merchandise.

"That night Carl Loiret got his death. The exercise gave him a heavy cold, and he took to his bed and never rose. Elise nursed him with affectionate care, and the old man passed away, blessing her.

"Moritz Ebstorff and Elise were married soon after Carl Loiret died, and left for other parts. The smuggling for that time was broken up, and the village people no longer feared the visit of the officers."

"Monsieur Harrison," said Zetber, when the story was finished, "I am that Moritz Ebstorff, and Nina, my dear Nina, here beside me, is the Elise Loiret who one dark night perilled her life to save mine. Ninety feet down the rocky precipice, she descended—no human being has ever dared attempt it since—I shuddered as I looked up, to see the way she came. Here in Marseilles I have striven to bury the memory of the past, and make myself worthy of my beautiful Nina. Your picture recalled all the past, and I thought when you named the picture that you had learned all and would denounce me. A madness seized me—you know the rest—will you forgive me?"

"Certainly," I replied. "And let me beg that you will accept this, my best picture, which is made sacred by the face of your heroic wife shining from it; and we alone shall know that it was once called **THE SMUGGLER'S BRIDE.**"

#### LOVE.

Love?—I will tell thee what it is to love!  
It is to build with human thoughts a shrine  
Where Hope sits brooding like a beauteous dove,  
Where Time seems young, and Life a thing divine.  
Yes, this is love—the steadfast and the true,  
The immortal glory which hath never set;  
The best, the brightest boon the heart e'er knew:  
Of all life's sweets, the very sweetest yet!

CHARLES SWAIN.

Praise, though it may be our due, is not like a bank bill to be paid upon demand; to be valuable it must be voluntary.

#### HOW TECUMSEH WAS KILLED.

The Western Christian Advocate lately contained an obituary notice, by Rev. A. Wright, of the Indiana Methodist Episcopal Church, of Isaac Hamblin, Senior, who died at his residence, near Indiana, a few months since, aged about eighty-six years. Mr. Hamblin was a man of deep piety and unquestionable veracity. He was in the battle of the Thames, and the writer gives the following as his statement in regard to the manner in which Tecumseh was killed: "He says he was standing but a few feet from Colonel Johnson when he fell, and in full view, and saw the whole of that part of the battle. He was well acquainted with Tecumseh, having seen him before the war, and having been a prisoner seventeen days, and received many a cursing from him. He thinks that Tecumseh thought Johnson was Harrison, as he often heard the chief swear that he would have Harrison's scalp, and seemed to have a special hatred of him. Johnson's horse fell under him, he himself being also deeply wounded; in the fall he lost his sword, his large pistols were empty, and he was entangled with his horse on the ground. Tecumseh had fired his rifle at him, and when he saw him fall, he threw down his gun and bounded forward like a tiger sure of his prey. Johnson had only a side pistol ready for use. He aimed at the chief over the head of his horse, and shot near the centre of his forehead. When the ball struck, it seemed to him that the Indian jumped with his head full fifteen feet into the air; as soon as he struck the ground, a little Frenchman ran his bayonet into him and pinned him fast to the ground."

#### CYANIZED WOOD.

The Hartford Courant gives a simple and efficacious mode of cyanizing wood, so as to prevent it from rotting: Dissolve blue vitriol in boiling water, then add water enough to make twenty quarts of the solution to each pound of vitriol. The end of the stick to be cyanized, is to be dropped into the solution and left in it for four or five days; for shingles, three days will answer; posts six inches square, require ten days soaking. Put the solution in a metal vessel or keyed box, as it will shrink any barrel so as to cause leakage. Chloride of zinc will answer instead of vitriol, but vitriol costs but a few cents to the pound. To show its efficacy, the editor says that small stakes used to support raspberry-vines after twelve years constant use, were as sound and bright as if recently made, the part in the ground being as sound as that in the air.

#### A GOLD STORY.

The liveliest gold item of the season is in a late Mariposa Gazette, which says, "three quartz miners struck a 'pocket' in a quartz lode not far from this place, from which they took in one day quartz and gold that will yield nearly, if not quite, thirty thousand dollars. Over \$16,000 had been pounded out in two hand mortars up to Tuesday, and there remained, to be reduced in the same manner, three pieces, each of which was about as large as a peck measure. To us it appeared that at least one-third of the entire weight of these was gold, that not only lay in flakes as large as a dollar on the outside, but penetrated all the rock."

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE VISION.

BY R. G. JOHNSTON.

Long, long ago, in days of yore,  
 Once, when my love and I  
 Sat side by side on Hudson's shore  
 To see the boats go by:  
 While listening to the old church-bell,  
 Which distantly did toll  
 The mournful music of a knell  
 For some departed soul,  
 She looked a moment in the tide,  
 As if in reverie;  
 Then starting up, "Ere long," she cried,  
 "That bell will toll for me!  
 I see it all—I see it all—  
 The newly-furnished grave,  
 The sad procession and the pall—  
 There, there, within the wave!  
 This vision is the tongue of Fate,  
 And tells what is to be:  
 O Father, be it soon or late,  
 I bow to thy decree!"

'Twas in the joyous month of May  
 My darling prophesied;  
 And ere the summer passed away,  
 Death smote her and she died.  
 And as we bore her corse along,  
 A white bird ventured near,  
 Regardless of the mourning throng,  
 And hovered o'er the bier.  
 And when we'd done the funeral rite,  
 It sang a solemn stave,  
 While stooping from its circling flight,  
 And rested on the grave.  
 Then sprang upon exultant wing,  
 And soared away in air;  
 And made the welkin sweetly ring  
 With music strangely rare!

[ORIGINAL.]

## ISABEL OF ANGOULEME.

BY JOSEPH H. WELDON.

It had been a fête day in Guienne, for it was the year 1200, and King John of England had in the morning received oaths of fealty from various counts, amongst whom were those of Angouleme and La Marche. It was now evening, and the soft, clear breeze had tempted forth the numerous inhabitants of the fancy villas that dotted the woods and hills high up the bank opposite to the rich town of Bordeaux, that frowned on them in all her pride of wealth and majestic beauty, while casting her broad shadows over the smooth bosom of the Garonne, on whose surface sported many gaily decked skiffs, filled with light hearts and still lighter spirits.

Among them King John's shone pre-eminent,

with its crimson curtains and gay-liveried attendants, reposing on, rather than cutting through, the sunny waters. Boat after boat came up with and shot past it, scarcely touching anything, save the soft-fanning vapor that swept over the fairy world of flowers, on the banks by which they passed, till all had disappeared; yet still the idle monarch reclined on its velvet-cushioned seats, watching the playful flies, which as they danced over the mirrory purple in fantastic circles, now basking in the full glory of the west, then skimming along the wave sent glittering lines creaming around him.

For once he was admiring nature in the hour when she most disposes the mind to peace with all around—and he had long been left alone in the watery world, when the soft sound of a lute came to his ear, and presently a boat, decorated with the purest white, came quickly up with them. The owner, a tall, martial-like young man, rose and doffed his cap to the monarch, while his companion, a lovely girl scarcely in the first bloom of womanhood, laid down her lute, and drawing her veil more closely around her, also rose and gracefully returned John's gracious bend of the neck, for he had recognized in the elegant man before him the young Count de la Marche. They then passed on, and as the lute was resumed, many a truant breeze bore its strains to the apparently absorbed monarch. Suddenly, however, turning to his gentleman in waiting, he demanded:

"Know you if La Marche is married?"

"Sire," answered the attendant, "the count has since childhood been betrothed to the lovely Isabel of Angouleme, the lady with him, and to-morrow Bordeaux will make merry at their nuptials."

"Betrothed!" exclaimed John, "only betrothed—to-morrow to consummate the nuptials, say you—ashore! ashore!"

The attendants, aware by his earnest manner, that some hasty resolve had just been taken by their capricious master, instantly ordered the rowers to speed, and a very few minutes landed and found them safe within the gates of Bordeaux.

In the meantime, the Count de la Marche had landed at his chateau with his beloved Isabel Taillefer, who, as John's informant had stated, had long been betrothed to him, and for some months had been placed under his protection by her father, the Count of Angouleme. But their marriage had not yet taken place on account of her extreme youth. They proceeded to the long hall, where the servants had prepared the light evening meal; and as they sat side by side, and

La Marche's lip touched her cheek, she thought not enough of heaven.

"A pedler stands at the gate, my lord, and though I have told him that the Lady Isabel was well prepared, he insists upon it he has a head-wreath no bride would refuse to buy," said a female attendant, entering with breathless haste.

"Nay, girl," interrupted the count—and he smiled on his young bride—"the Lady Isabel and I are indebted to the pedler for his attention. She will see this magic wreath—bid him enter."

The maid retired well pleased with the order, for her reward, if she brought a successful message, was no less a consideration than a tempting new piece—one of the new coin just issued—and an old mark would have won the sly abigail to have undertaken a far greater achievement than that of winning her lord's consent to admit one who bore a present worthy of purchase for the bride he doted upon. It was true she had made many objections to the errand, but then, each newly raised obstacle brought tempting promises of future presents, till she finally said:

"Methinks, old man, thy conscience might trouble thee. I wonder thou art not ashamed to put such profits on thy ware as will enable thee to make such presents to timid maidens."

"Nay, maiden, it is not every one boasts eyes as bright as yours. I will wager this golden ring,"—at the same time drawing one from his case—"that your mistress has not brighter; and I know, maiden, I should not lose it to you, so take it." And as she raised her hand to open the door, the wily pedler slid the ring on the hand of the nothing loth waiting-woman—and as the next day would make her the wife of the tall, handsome valet of La Marche, all these fine presents and promises could not have come more opportunely. Meanwhile the pedler entered the presence of Isabel and the count, and the abigail waited on the outer side for his return, to conduct him again through the long, winding galleries. The contents of the pack were displayed—rings, necklaces, breast-knots, all "inimitable"—and among the rest the boasted head-wreath.

"That wreath, my lord, I swear was purchased for the Queen of England," said the pedler, holding it daintily between his thumb and first finger-tips.

"It is indeed beautiful," said Isabel.—"But hark, my lord, the warder's horn sounds."

"'Tis doubtless, love, some of our good friends come to rest the night with us, before the morrow's fête. I will receive them in another chamber.—Do you purchase what in this motley collection pleases you best."

So saying, he smiled and left the hall.

"Nay, good man," resumed Isabel, in answer to the pedler's praises of the ornament, "what you ask is a purse of gold."

"Even so, lady. But look at the large pearls, and think how many one of these delicate roses contains," returned the pedler, drawing more closely to her.

"Ay, 'tis true, and it is very beautiful. But I must look lower in the pack—such an expensive bauble does not become Isabel Tailleffer—so you must even carry it to the Queen of England, and—"

"Place it on her fair brow," concluded the pedler, snatching up the wreath and placing it on Isabel's long silken hair with one hand, and with the other raising the gray scalp from his own head, discovered to the astonished girl, King John of England!

"Nay, fair lady, do not attempt to speak—I know all you would say—excuses for behaving with so little ceremony, and surprise at seeing me here in such a disguise—yes, I know all, but this is not my business here—do you not think the wreath becomes your silken tresses?"

"Pardon me, sire," said Isabel, endeavoring to free her hand from his close grasp. "I must warn my lord whose host he is. The King of England must not remain here in indignity any longer, and—"

"But stay, Isabel Tailleffer. The wreath—I would know ere you leave me, if you think it will best become the Countess de la Marche, or the Queen of England?"

"The royal Advise, sire," she replied, taking it from her head.

"Nay, I meant not her—"

"Did you not say the Queen of England, sire?"

"As truly, Isabel, as I meant you as such—"

"Hush, hush, sire! an' I knew not your talent for saying gallant speeches, I should say it did not become me to listen to you. But I should be vain indeed to imagine your words in earnest. But I will leave my good lord a few moments only, to bid the count to his guest."

"Stay, Isabel of Angouleme, I command you, and listen to what I have to say—ay, and in earnest. Advise is no longer my consort. I shall obtain a dispensation from the pope to cancel my marriage vows. I have loved you since the moment I gazed on you to-night—nay, hear me out. I had wished to obtain your free consent to share my throne, but you are so madly resolved to refuse our gracious offer, know that I have sworn on the holy cross to possess you—"

"Never! never! John of England, you dare not tear the betrothed from the altar!" Her feelings overcame her and she fainted.

John did not attempt to revive her, but kneeling by her side, pressed his lips on her icy cheek and exclaimed :

"Were you less beautiful I could pity you ; but as it is, you must be mine. I will now go to your father. Ambition is marked on his high brow and curling lip, as truly as feminine beauty and maidenly submission are in your soft, hazel eyes. I doubt not he would rather be the ancestor of kings than counts. Farewell then, my beloved. In a few short hours we shall meet again, and I doubt not there will be one at my side then, whose well-told tale of inevitable ruin, or displeasure from me, will bend you to my wishes. But I must begone—farewell, farewell !"

And after imprinting on her lips another impassioned kiss, he rose, and gathering the trinkets in his pack, resumed his gray scalp and joined the inquisitive waiting-woman, who had been vainly endeavoring to catch one of the many loud words uttered by John. But she appeared by her smiling, simpering whispers to be well pleased with the continued conversation of her companion, and it would seem that she knew his rank, for as he reached the door and bade her "remember the reward !" she ducked a curtsy even to the ground.

The count's surprise may be imagined, when, on returning to his bride he found her in a death-like swoon, and not one of the servants could give him the least explanation. With the greatest relief he saw her open her eyes, but she looked timidly round, and whispered :

"Is he gone, then ?"

"Is who gone, dearest ? I could almost chide you for thus alarming yourself. But you will pardon my long absence when I tell you the cause. Rise, love, and see the bride-like presents King John's knights have brought you."

"King John's presents for me—O, La Marche, I—but dismiss these attendants," said Isabel, faintly.

When they had left, she turned to her astonished lord and exclaimed :

"Let me not look on these baubles—burn them, La Marche. John has been here—the pedler with the wreath was himself. Away, away, and though it be not maidenly, I say away to the altar, if you would have Isabel Taillefer your wife, for John of England has sworn she shall be his, and who is there that does not know his evil passions ? As I fainted, I felt his hateful breath upon my cheek, and heard him say he would hasten to my father. O, La Marche, to no one but yourself would I breathe it—but Angouleme's ruling passion is—ambition !"

"Calm yourself, Isabel. Your timid spirit

has taken this mummery too seriously. Depend upon it we shall hear no more of him. John caught but a glimpse of your charms this evening, but that made him wish a nearer view—and who would not, dearest ? I, at least, cannot chide him."

But La Marche smiled in assumed pleasantry, for he knew John's character too well to feel at ease.

"Stop, La Marche," interrupted Isabel, "you know better—yet I see your kindness and acknowledge it."

"Well, then, dearest, 'tis but calling the good father some hours earlier ; your friends must even take necessity as an excuse for not awaiting their kindly presence. See, Isabel, the west is gray, that was but a little while since in its glory, and those clusters of heaven's diamonds tell us that the hour is fast approaching midnight. Go then, and deck yourself, love, while I hasten to the monastery to bid them prepare the chapel by the first vesper bell."

"Nay, let us not stay for pomp and ceremony, La Marche," exclaimed Isabel, losing in the importance of the moment all thought of maidenly pride. "I shall pledge my faith as truly in this disordered dress, and at the taperless altar."

"True," answered La Marche ; "yet, I would not that my bride appeared thus. And remember, love, John will not conjecture that our bridal hour will be before the morrow's evening. Go then, and let your woman robe you—she and my valet will alone be present."

Silenced, yet with a foreboding heart, Isabel proceeded with the before mentioned waiting-woman, to her toilet. The bridal robe of spotless velvet was drawn forth, but the ornaments which La Marche had given her were nowhere to be found. The chapel bell tolled one—the pearl bracelets and necklace were discovered, and with breathless haste Isabel arrayed herself in them.

"O, my lady, had you but purchased the pearl head-wreath, all would have been complete," said the girl, casting a keen glance at her agitated mistress.

"'Tis better as it is, Alice. But speak no more of that, my good girl. You know I have more momentous thoughts to occupy my mind at present." And she smiled sadly. "But my veil—"

The veil was now missing. In an agony of tears she flung herself on the couch, while Alice vainly ransacked every corner. The bell meanwhile chimed the quarter, then half. Isabel started up and wildly exclaimed :

"Attend me, girl. I will be a veiless bride, rather than—but hasten." And she was darting

from the room, when Alice drew the long sought-for veil from beneath several dresses, and hastily casting it over her mistress, they proceeded to the monastery chapel.

La Marche had been impatiently awaiting her. Yet the rapture of the moment was not unmingled with pain, for the beauty of her pale features was heightened by a wildness which alarmed him, and when he took her hand to lead her to the altar, its icy chillness struck to his heart.

"Nay," he said, as he pressed hers between his larger and far warmer hands, "you have needlessly hurried yourself. What should we fear now, dearest? A short space will unite us indissolubly." And he placed her before the altar.

The priest began the first solemn prayer, and Isabel with La Marche had deeply engaged in silence in it. Thus occupied, they had not noticed the entrance of several persons by the eastern door. But now, as they moved up the long aisle, the clanking of armor aroused them to a full and better knowledge of their situation. The intruders advanced towards the altar, and the leader, who, as he threw off his cloak, they discovered to be King John—exclaimed, in a loud voice:

"Go no further in that ceremony. John of England commands you!"

"We are betrayed, my Isabel," exclaimed La Marche, drawing his sword. Then turning to John, he continued:

"I know not by what right you command this holy father to stop—but if by the laws of power, I bid you defiance, John of England. I claim this lady as my wife!"

"Wife!" cried John, in a transport of rage—"wife!—Girl, hast thou fooled us?" turning to Alice.—"Speak, holy father, how far has this ceremony proceeded?" he continued, to the priest.

But the holy man's answer was interrupted by Isabel, who, at John's appeal to Alice, had flown from the altar, and now standing by the girl, she bent her eyes wildly and piercingly on her, exclaiming:

"Girl, if it is true that you have done this—O, now I recall the lost veil and bracelets. Alice, Alice, may the one who sees the most secret thoughts forgive you."

"Peace, daughter!" now interrupted the priest. "John of England, in answer to your question, I bid you, as you revere the holy mother church, to allow the scarcely commenced ceremony to proceed."

"So—'tis well," said John, bending a fond glance on Isabel. "Angouleme, we are yet in time."

"Angouleme!" shrieked Isabel, "is my father here, then?"

She rushed wildly towards the tall, armor-cased figure which had stood by John's side on his entrance, and in whom, as he raised his helmet, she recognised her parent.

"Count of Angouleme," resumed the deep, musical tones of the priest, "it rests with you alone to settle this disgraceful dispute. I command all here to silence, while this lovely lady's father speaks his will."

Instantly a death-like silence reigned in the holy edifice, and the Count of Angouleme spoke.

"Isabel," he said, unheeding the agony of fear with which she fixed her eyes upon him while awaiting his decision, "it is my command that you receive the King of England as—"

"No, no, dearest father," she interrupted, as she knelt before him and clasped his knees, "no, no, you cannot mean that. Did not that revered hand give me to the protection of La Marche till my age should fit me for his wife? Father, that time has arrived—you will not tear me from him now!"

For a moment Angouleme seemed moved, and even a tear trickled down his steel corslet. But quickly recovering himself, he raised his child, saying:

"Isabel, I had not expected disobedience from you. But I will speak with you apart. Meanwhile, I charge you, Count de la Marche, restrain your words."

La Marche bowed a cold acquiescence; then fixed the point of his sword in the oaken floor, placing one hand on the hilt, while the other leaned on the altar. John also stood at the head of his men, preserving a sullen silence, occasionally bending a look of triumph on his rival, or one of doting fondness on Isabel, as she paced the farther end of the chapel in earnest conversation with her father. Ever and anon, as they stepped where the blaze of the tapers surrounding the altar shone upon them; La Marche caught the agonized expression of Isabel's features, and occasionally some few words.

"Isabel, my child, I charge you—I implore you not to publish my disgrace!"

Thus pleaded Angouleme, in reply to a firm "never!" from his daughter.

La Marche sprang to the side of his pale bride, and clasping her waist, exclaimed:

"Believe him not—he is working on your devotion—your filial love—telling you his ruin or his exaltation depends on you. I know it—but it is false, dearest, false!"

"Hey-day, Sir Springald! false, say you? Does it become the would-be husband of a maid-



en to tell her that her father lies?" said John, scornfully.

"John of England," replied La Marche, "there are more fitting places than this to beard La Marche. Know that henceforth I swear, even in this holy place, revenge to you till death! My Lord of Angouleme, you know yourself safe in the title of father."

"Nay," returned Angouleme, with a bitter smile, "I care not if I condescend to try good steel with you at my leisure. Now, I have more weighty business pressing on me." Then turning to Isabel, he added: "Has a father to tell his child she may rely on his word?"

"O no, no!" she answered, and gathering her white veil around her face, bent her head on her hands a few minutes, then raising her tearless eyes to her betrothed, said firmly: "La Marche, my first and my last love, fare thee well!"

She did not linger to look on his death-like brow and quivering lip, but stepped tremblingly towards John. He drew the pearl wreath from beneath his cloak, and held it towards her.

"John of England, I am yours," she exclaimed, as she bent her brow to receive it; "and may the holy virgin plead with her son for you and my father, if he has deceived me."

"To horse! to horse now, my brave knights! Behold your queen!" cried King John.

The men bowed low to the fair girl.

"And now for you," continued John, turning to Alice, "what I promised you is there," flinging towards her a purse. Then raising the feeble Isabel in his arms, he bore her to a beautiful palfrey, and in a few minutes the distant sound of horses' hoofs brought to the mind of La Marche the utter desolation of his soul.

"And now to study revenge!" he groaned forth. Yet ere he left the chapel, turned to Alice and exclaimed: "Go, girl! Wed him who loves you, and enjoy if you can, your basely earned wealth. I forgive you, or, at least, I hope I do—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the girl, holding the purse to the light, while through its meshes many a gold piece shone brightly.

"Listen, Count La Marche! You know that I once followed your steps with love, which you scorned—now I am revenged! Farewell." And she flew madly from the chapel.

What she had just said he knew to be true. She had sought him unceasingly, repeating her protestations of love with a fervor unbecoming woman. Yet he had hoped and believed since the devotion of his valet to her, that she placed her heart in a more fitting sphere, and he had even promised them a pension when the next

day should have made them one—and Isabel—but the thought of her was madness. It burned on his brain, for now all was utter hopelessness for him on this side the grave.

In a few days Isabel of Angouleme was wedded Queen of England, at Poitiers. This, with the fact that she yet again stood at the altar as a bride, and became the wife of La Marche, is well known from the pages of England's histories. And we will add, her love was more chastened—more holy in its fervency—yet not less true than before time had passed his blanching hand over the once raven locks of La Marche. Neither did he look with less rapture on the stately matron, than on the once slight girl.

It may be questioned if Isabel truly performed her duties as John's consort, and as mother of John's children. Yet it would seem that she did not prove truant to her soul's idol when her duties allowed her thoughts to turn that way; for once, the sworn revenge of La Marche had placed him as prisoner in John's castle at Rouen. Nevertheless, he was soon set at liberty. Who would not fancy by whose interference? Thus did Isabel of Angouleme illustrate a certain French writer's not very spirited idea of a woman's whole duty:

"Women best serve Heaven by their patience and submission."

#### LORD MACAULAY.

Lord Macaulay's pedigree is one of which no one need be ashamed, and of which many would be proud. His paternal grandfather was the Highland minister of a Highland parish, with a Highland wife and Highland children, one of whom, Zacharias by name, following the example of his forefathers, descended to the Lowlands to gather gear, not by lifting cows, but by peaceful trade. The young Zacharias found favor in the eyes of a daughter of a Bristol Quaker. Friend Mills supplied that serious and respectable, but not very erudite or accomplished society with literature, the call for which amongst the Quakers was not, however, so pressing as to prevent the grandsire of the future essayist of the "Edinburg Review" from employing his talents in periodical composition, or from cultivating literary pursuits as the editor of a provincial paper. Meantime the loves of the young Highlander and the fair Quakeress prospered, and from their union sprang Thomas Babington Macaulay, Baron Macaulay, of Rothley, in the county of Leicester.—*New York Times*.

#### PRESENTIMENTS.

O, did you never lie upon the shore,  
And watch the curled white of the coming wave  
Gleamed in the slippery sand before it breaks?  
Even such a wave, but not so pleasurable,  
Dark in the glass of some presageful mood,  
Had I for three days seen, ready to fall.

TENNISON.

[ORIGINAL.]

## BIRTHDAY VERSES.

BY HENRÉ FORD, JR.

The springtide air is calm and clear,  
The sky bends softly o'er us;  
And flushed with hope, the passing year  
Gleams gay and bright before us.

Beneath our feet the tender blade  
Is marked with opening flowers;  
Sweet choral music fills the glade,  
And charms the happy hours.

What may such promise not betide  
Of sunny summer time;  
How softly will its splendor glide  
To autumn's golden prime.

And so with thee, my gentle friend:  
The youth that crowns thee now,  
May all its joys, with brighter, blend  
To light thy manly brow.

May thy young hopes and boyhood dreams  
No worldly blight assail;  
No mists of earth their golden gleams,  
No clouds their glory pale—

The friendly hearts now linked with thine,  
By stronger ties than blood:  
Far, nobler far than royal line—  
In holy brotherhood.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE BELLE OF PARIS.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

OLYMPE DE MERCIER was at one time the reigning pride and beauty of Paris. Her father was a man of wealth and influence. She governed men's passions, however, more by the force of her strong intellect and overpowering will than even her beauty. Her eyes were extraordinary. Large, deep and lustrous, they seemed two worlds in themselves, and sparkled with benignity and the fires of genius. She was very young, and much accomplished, playing, dancing, painting, singing, and to crown all, she had to a great extent the power of improvisation.

One day in her thirteenth year, as she was returning from school with her *bonne*, she encountered a wierd, and singular old woman, whose wrinkled face almost hidden under a red hood, and whose decrepid form attracted her attention, and she paused to look at her, then taking a few sous from her pocket she held them out to her.

The woman grasped them. Her little, hard, black eyes glittered like polished steel as she did so, but after contemplating the child for a moment, she threw them indignantly from her, and exclaimed:

"She who condemns to death the future be loved of France, cannot give a blessing with what she gives. Go, child, your fatal beauty will intoxicate, and cause men to perish, unless you are merciful."

The child indignantly sent her *bonne* to pick up the money, and then she laughed as she followed the odd little retreating figure with her eyes.

Time passed on, and Olympe became a beautiful woman of seventeen. Her great attractions drew around her all the wealth and intellect of Paris. She might have said, "I govern all France with a glance."

Among her most distinguished followers, were Pierre Janvrien; a young, handsome, brilliant lieutenant, and a grave, splendid nobleman, to whom every eye was turned in admiration. It was not for a long time evident which she appeared to love best; but youth and beauty seemed to settle the question, and it was whispered that the glorious Olympe had chosen the dashing young lieutenant for her future spouse.

The next year was the commencement of the reign of terror. was a remarkable epoch for the young, the beautiful, especially when these two gifts were connected with genius. Olympe grew thoughtful as the arrests were multiplied. Already two very dear friends of hers were arrested on account of their Jacobinical tendencies, and more arrests were daily looked for. She herself had secretly taken part against the government, hence all her sympathies were with the condemned.

"One hardly dares to speak now," said her attendant, one day, a pretty girl of about her own age. "For my part, I distrust every one who walks with a paper in his hand, or looks in a book."

"You have no need to fear," said Olympe, gravely.

"Have I not? You do not know," said the girl, blushing deeply. "I hear a great deal of news from Paul Le Bene, one of the students. He is a handsome young man, with a full beard and moustache. There he goes now."

Olympe smiled as she saw a sallow-faced youth go by. The girl saw it, and said quickly: "I like him as much, perhaps, as they say you like the brave Janvrien. Besides, Paul is no Jacobin."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Olympe, turning quite pale.

"I mean that some of the young men in the army are suspected," said the girl, "so at least Paul says."

"Paul had better be silent on that point, I should think," remarked Olympe, gravely.

"Mam'selle is wanted in the library," said a servant, appearing.

Olympe quietly left the room, and wended her way to her father's favorite station, the splendid reception room in which he had gathered all the great literature of the past and the present. The beautiful creature never looked more lovely than she did on that day, clad in the simplest robes of white. Her hair falling in magnificent curls swept low beneath her girdle. Her eyes were fixed upon her father as he sat there in a sort of state.

"Be seated, my daughter," said her father, graciously. "I have to tell you," he added, with a proud manner, "that the Count Lanthemas makes you an offer of his heart and hand. The count is perhaps the most responsible person in the nation at the present time, and he is very fond of you. Of course you accept him?"

Olympe bowed her head, though she was terribly agitated. Trained never to question her father's motives, or prefer her own desires, she had nothing to say. It was the irrevocable parental will of France, and there daughters seldom oppose. The father was satisfied.

"Count Lanthemas will call upon you this afternoon," he said, motioning her to depart.

She left the room and hurried to her own chamber, and there fell down before a crucifix. It was a beautiful apartment, the light mellowed by hangings of amber satin fell like a pale glory about her. She looked like a saint, her lovely face upturned, her eyes full of tears. She went to an ivory box, and took from thence a picture, kissed it passionately again and again, and then with hurried steps paced the floor, sighing, moaning, anguished, while sometimes the word "Pierre," thrice repeated, sprang to her trembling lips.

That evening her father's saloon overflowed with visitors. All were talking about the tribunal then in session. The silent might have been the suspected ones. Count Lanthemas was there, his noble face irradiate. Olympe was his betrothed bride, he was supremely happy. Years before, he had decided that he would never wed, because he feared he could never love. During the time that intervened between young manhood and his present age, his character had been gathering force and solidity, and insensibly his passions had strengthened. Now that he had found the perfection which he had ever denied an existence, his love swept over his whole nature. It was no ordinary heart he laid at the feet of the beautiful Olympe; the depth and intensity of his love no mortal pen could transcribe. The knowledge of this only made Olympe more wretched. She

saw the value of the treasure that to her, individually, was valueless. She wished she had not seen Pierre, and dreaded his arrival.

But at last he was announced. Her heart beat almost to suffocation at the mention of his name. He was coming towards her, his handsome face more gloriously beautiful than ever—his dark eyes shining—his lips parted with a glowing smile.

She held out her hand, but her welcome was cold, agitated. He did not see it at first, but by degrees he became conscious that she was not the same. He begged of her a song. Every one was silent as she went towards her harp. The fame of her voice was as great as that of the star of the public. Critics declared it to be far richer than the other, and of a more wonderful compass.

Seated at the harp, her eyes grew mournful, a gathering sadness only made her look more bewitchingly beautiful. It was, however, a strange song that she improvised. It brought clouds upon the face of the gallant soldier. It even darkened the brow of the happy count, and to many eyes it brought tears. It was the story in song of a poor girl, betrothed to a noble, but loving another whom she had been forbidden to love.

"Olympe!" said a deep voice.

The young girl had just received the congratulations of the select throng that had gathered thickly about her. She started at the sound of these tones, however, and quickly turned. It was Pierre.

"Olympe, what did the song mean?" he asked in low, troubled accents.

"It meant that the highest born may have the same sorrows with the poor maiden of my verse," said Olympe, in a sad voice.

"Why are you so altered towards me to-night, beloved? Surely I have done nothing to merit this coldness."

"We must not talk thus, here," exclaimed Olympe.

"Go with me then to the conservatory."

"I dare not," murmured the young girl.

"Olympe, if you would not drive me to instant despair, I beseech you let me meet you alone," he exclaimed, in a frightfully calm voice.

"We will meet in the conservatory, then, for a few moments," she replied.

The scents of a thousand flowers threw their damp perfume on the evening air. The regal plants, displaying the brightest, richest, most tropical hues, were ranged according to the order

of their growth of beauty, while the oranges dropped from laden branches, the lemon spotted the deep green of their foliage with pale gold, and the crimson ranges of the cactus gave a glimpse of the beautiful region from whence they came.

The conservatory had been much frequented during the early part of the evening, but now the dancing had called the merry company in, and there were only groups of twos and threes scattered at irregular distances. Olympe entered with a fearful air that sat uneasily upon her, and a moment after the young lieutenant appeared.

"Tell me, Olympe," he said, pale and eager, "tell me the import of your words. Am I to understand that you no longer love me?"

"No—no—not that—I mean—that it is not honorable for me to hear such words now."

"Not honorable? In the name of Heaven what means this language, coming from the lips of one who has professed to love me?"

"O, Pierre, spare me, spare me!" cried Olympe, making a gesture of anguish. "It is not I that consent, but my father wills. I must obey outwardly, though my heart should break."

"Wills—your father wills? Olympe, are you not still mine? Speak, my brain is on fire—say 'no,' and I die before you."

He was now pale as ashes, and his eyes glittered. The poor girl trembled, and strove in vain to keep back her tears.

"I could not help it—I cannot help it—I can do nothing now but throw myself on his mercy, and trust in God."

"Whose mercy?" ejaculated Pierre.

"The Count Lanthenus," said Olympe, her voice low and faint.

"The Count Lanthenus?" exclaimed Pierre, aghast. "And has he sued for your hand? Will you marry that rock—that automaton, whose only power is political, and whom I would crush as the enemy of his country?"

"Silence—O, be silent!" exclaimed Olympe, looking about, "you endanger both our lives. It is dangerous to speak of a man high in authority, who wields kings and senates."

"And the hearts of perfidious women," exclaimed Pierre, in a passion. "The hearts of those who have perjured themselves for station and for gold. O, Olympe, I never thought this of you. I never thought you could drive so sharp a weapon through my heart. Farewell, bride of the Count Lanthenus! When you are exalted to your high dignity, think sometimes of the heart-broken soldier who died for you. Farewell!"

"O, Pierre, Pierre!"

At that cry of anguish, he turned. Regardless of everything save that he whom she loved might be about to leave her forever, Olympe stood with outstretched arms, the tears falling, and the voice like sobbing sighs.

"Discard him, Olympe," whispered Pierre, as he drew her to his bosom and showered frantic kisses upon her brow. "Together we will leave this rocking France, and find love and concord in another land. Be mine—only, wholly mine—my own beloved."

"Do not tempt me, Pierre," she said, partly regaining her composure. "I cannot leave my father, for I love him devotedly, and his curse would be more terrible than death—O, far, far more. I can only say, find another, Olympe—one who can be more to you than I can—and remember that I can never, never forget you."

"Yes, I will seek one who will more willingly become my bride," he exclaimed, pale and trembling. "I will seek death!" And he was gone from her presence.

Again the beautiful Olympe was in the saloon, surrounded by admiring worshippers. But her manner was no longer unconstrained. The dry, wild eyes, the feverish hectic and the unnatural laugh were not Olympe's, and more than one who spoke of her brilliant appearance, felt that there was a struggling undercurrent of sorrow beneath the surface of that forced exterior.

As for the count, blinded by his overwhelming love, he saw nothing of all this. She was to be his, to belong to him only; that was all he thought of—all he cared about. She might have ten thousand admirers, while her word was pledged to him, he recked not.

"I declare, it is as much as one's life is worth to go upon the street," said the young assistant of Olympe, as she came panting into her mistress's room.

Olympe was embroidering. Her cheek was pale, and there was a look of apprehension as she glanced inquiringly up.

"Why, a drunken fellow just asked me who I went for, and because I would not answer, dragged me a rod, I screaming at the top of my lungs. Presently a *gen d'arme* came along, and asked me what the matter was, and when I told him where I belonged, he gave the man a rap, and made him put me down. He bears some marks on his face, though."

"Were the streets quiet?" asked Olympe.

"Quiet? you wouldn't think so. I saw a woman raving mad, shrieking at the top of her voice. From what I could gather, they had

killed her husband, and she wanted them to kill her and her little children. I heard shoutings, too, and saw a mob, saw them dragging one of the nobility, I should judge by his white hands, dragging him along, and nearly tearing him piece-meal. Ugh, I almost hear the axe! They say it is going constantly—that the blood is ankle deep around its foot—and that the yellings and shriekings are horrible." She clasped her hands upon her ears. "O, they tell me the marshal, next door to here, is arrested and condemned, and so is his daughter, the beautiful Marie."

Olympe turned still paler at this horrible news.

"My student gave me the information. He says that the marshal was very white, but brave, as they took him from his door, and that Marie came out crying that she would go too. So when they refused her, she avowed herself a Jacobin. The marshal said, 'My friends, pity her—it is to accompany me that she condemns herself—do not heed, leave her for her mother.' But Marie cried in a louder voice, all sorts of treasonable sayings, and so made the crowd angry. They took her away with her father."

"She is a noble creature," said Olympe, with enthusiasm.

"My student saw her. He said she looked like an ideal of liberty, an heroic impersonation, or something of that sort. I cannot always understand his high-flown language. But she has a very sweet countenance, and when animated must be very handsome indeed. I wonder if she is sorry?"

"Sorry? No, it was glorious!" exclaimed Olympe.

"Ah, another piece of news: Pierre Janvrien, the honorable soldier, will be beheaded to-morrow at twelve by the guillotine."

A half-suppressed cry startled the girl. In another moment she was calling for help. Her mistress appeared to faint.

"I am better—call for no one—it is nothing—I am better," said Olympe, as a servant appeared.

And dismissing her garrulous young attendant, she moved to and fro, moaning to herself, only pausing at times to bend the knee before the shrine of the virgin. Her face was colorless, her lips had grown deadly white. Often she pushed back the thick locks from her brow, giving her hair a dishevelled appearance that only heightened her sad beauty.

"What I do, must be done quickly," she murmured, clasping her hands in anguish. "He must be saved—for me—for me has he

courted death. I have done him grievous wrong—God forgive me!"

An hour after that, dressed in disguise, she was threading the streets of the Rue St. Honore. Horrible sights arrested her vision. Women and children wept for husbands and fathers. It seemed as if the atmosphere were thickened by a million sobs and groans. Here an aged man moved along, anguish and despair written on the furrows of his face. Once a cart filled with the condemned came by. The men sang national songs, and the women shouted their execrations. They were on their way to death, and they unburdened their minds; they gave loose rein to their tongues. They were death-mad. Some of them made the motion of the guillotine across their throats. Poor Olympe shuddered from head to foot. More than once was she spoken to, but she had a pass that would have insured any one, even a red republican, safety. Coming at last to the palace where the assembly sat, she gained an entrance. She sought for the Count Lanthénus.

"He is in his office," said the secretary, who came out, "and desires not to be disturbed."

"Tell him that the daughter of M. De Mercier wishes to have audience with him," said Olympe.

The secretary instantly disappeared, returning in a moment, and with the utmost deference ushering her into a room lined with a singular green paper, whose pattern was a golden dragon fly. There, habited in a gorgeous dressing gown of purple velvet embroidered with gold, sat the count, the great minister, the national controller. Rising, he came gracefully forward, though his looks expressed both admiration and surprise. For a few moments Olympe was silent, through excessive agitation, and the terror of what she had seen and heard. At last, controlling herself, she said with a low but firm voice:

"I have but one request to make—one boon to ask."

"If in my power I will grant it, be assured," said the count, after waiting a few moments for her further speech.

"You have upon your list of the condemned, the name of Lieutenant Pierre Janvrien," she said, commanding her voice.

The cheek of the count flushed—he bit his lip angrily—but in a moment he possessed a perfect self-command.

"He has been an inmate of our house for many years," she continued, in a steadier voice, "I have known him since my childhood—O, shall I petition you in vain for the boon of his life?"

"Is't so great a boon?" asked the count. He was hastily turning leaf after leaf.

"For him, yes, yes—he is impetuous, rash, but brave and strong—he is young to die thus."

"Others die as young," said the count, coldly, while Olympe felt her heart grow heavy. "Here is his name," said the count. "Pierre Javrien, age twenty-four, condemned for traitorous designs upon his country."

Olympe held her breath.

"I will save him," said the count, in the same passive voice.

The feelings of the poor girl overcame her then. She would have thrown herself at his feet, but he prevented her with a movement, respectfully led her to the entrance, and sent her home in his own carriage. After that she heard the name of the young lieutenant no more, but she depended upon the honor of the stately Count Lanthenus.

The terrible reign came to a close. Families were once more re-united, and the slaughtered dead had honors paid to their memory. Preparations on a grand scale were going on in the mansion of M. De Mercier for the marriage of Olympe to the count, whom all France honored, politically.

Olympe herself had changed. No longer her brilliant sallies provoked the astonishment of the gay world. Her cheek had lost its color, her eye was listless, she moved languidly. Her was smile told of a breaking heart, and everybody saw the change.

They robed her in her rich bridal dress, and twined the orange-flowers in her hair. So she stood like a cold statue in the midst of the assembled company on her wedding night. As the ceremony was about to begin, the count whispered, "Parlez-moi," and leaving her he moved away a moment, returning immediately with the young, gallant and handsome Pierre, whom he called Count Pierre Lanthenus.

"I trust," he said, turning to the astonished assembly present, and speaking in a manner that proved how his great heart was moved, "I trust to make my once intended bride happier by giving her in marriage to my adopted son, Count Pierre Lanthenus. I need say nothing more, that face explains all."

It was the blushing, radiant face of Olympe turned to him, full of love, joy, gratitude. This was not the bridal she had expected, but it was he one her heart had yearned for, and it was satisfied.

The Count Lanthenus, the elder, never married; his son (I have used feigned names) became the leader of France in its most critical period.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE OLD FOUNTAIN HOUSE:

—OR,—

### MEDFORD IN THE OLDEN TIME.

BY GEORGE H. BURMAN.

THE dingy sign creaked drearily over the windows of the weather-stained tavern. But indoors, within the sanded traveller's room, all was life and bustle. A perfect hum of voices saluted the ear; and through the hazy atmosphere redolent with fumes of punch and tobacco, might be distinguished dimly the rubicund face of the squat-looking landlord, looming above the ochre-tinted bar on which from time to time he reposed his wearied elbows—wearied with the scarce intermitted labor consequent on the continued cries for "Another flip, hot, mind you!" "Another Jamaica, deacon!" "Spirits for two!" and all the varied summons of a bibulous character to which, in the last century the ears of the hotel keeper were so accustomed even from the most respectable visitants. In those days the tavern and its hospitalities held a station in social life which they have been long since forced to abdicate.

"I tell you, sir," exclaimed a voice which rose above the general murmur, "I tell you, sir, that our affairs demand prudence; yes, demand prudence, I say. It will not do to intrust proceedings to hot-headed men, and inexperienced youths. The direction of things should be given into the hands of men of sagacity, learning, and experience, who will understand how to represent the country's grievances to his majesty's ministers."

"A fig for your learning, as you call it, schoolmaster. What good will your Latin and your Greek do when it comes to hard words and hard knocks? And hard words and hard knocks we are going to have, schoolmaster, and that right soon."

And the speaker struck a brawny fist on the table with a force which made the drinking cups clatter merrily. A hoarse murmur greeted the blunt speech to which further rejoinder was interrupted by the sudden stopping of a horse at the door of the inn, and the entrance of a young man booted and spurred, and showing in his soiled dress the evidence of hard riding.

"What news, Master George?" ejaculated two or three voices.

But the youth, coolly placing himself at the bar, declined reply till he had refreshed himself with a warm modicum of the landlord's best.

Then, replacing the goblet, and regarding the company with a slightly affected superiority of manner:

"Not much, gentlemen," he replied. "I have just been over to give the Malden folks warning that they should look for a safer storing place for their ammunition. There is rumor of a general descent of the red coats on our magazines, and the general committee are taking measures accordingly."

"Right," exclaimed the schoolmaster's beligerent antagonist. "Right! This looks a little like action. A queen's-arm and a dozen cartridges for me, before all the prosy talk that ever was spoken. Hillo, Master George, would you say no to an ensign's commission in a company of stout Massachusetts rebels, ready for all chance blows that may offer?"

"I think, lieutenant, I should accept readily enough, provided no better post offered," rejoined the young man, in a tone which sufficiently evinced his own opinion that a more advanced position would better befit his merit.

"Coxcomb," murmured the redoubtable lieutenant, inwardly much displeased at the self-sufficiency thus covertly displayed. "Here is a boy who never saw an enemy's face, nor made a ten mile march, who yet thinks himself fit to command a good score of tried veterans. Come, friends," he continued, rousing himself from his momentary dissatisfaction, "let us drink a health to all good patriots, and confusion to the king's ministers."

The proposal received unanimous consent, being stoutly put in practice with all the rude honors of the occasion. The jingle of pewter cups had not yet ceased, when the door of the apartment opened, and the comely face of William Emerson made its appearance. He was the ward of Schoolmaster Pollard, or to speak more definitely, a sort of poor relation, who, in consideration of plentiful work, was allowed a place at the frugal table of the pedagogue, with such opportunity for literary acquirement as might be snatched from his labors.

"Master Pollard," exclaimed the youth, "Miss Martha desires me to say that the supper table has been waiting long, and that she is anxious for your return."

Master Pollard reddened to the roots of his hair, while several of his fellows winked meaningly at each other.

"Tell Martha, William, that I am engaged in discussing matters of public importance, and that I will return as soon as I have finished my business."

"And here, youngster," shouted Lieutenant

Dimmick, "before you go, turn down your throat a mug of good flip, and drink a downfall to tyranny, like an honest youth as you are. Egad, you've a good eye and clean limb. I only wish that you and I were in the front rank with muskets levelled, and the enemy coming on at double quick time. Would not we make a good account, friend Will?"

"I cannot say what I should do in such case," answered young Emerson, not a little embarrassed. "And for matter of drinking, you will excuse me, I am not accustomed to heady liquor."

"The more reason that you should begin," rejoined the veteran Dimmick. "No blenching, lad, walk up and tip your mug like a soldier, such as you expect to be."

The young man colored deeply, shook his head in dissent, murmured some inarticulate reply, and hastened from the apartment, much to the discomposure of the worthy lieutenant, whose favorable impression concerning young William was instantly on the decline.

"A little of the milkop after all, I am afraid," he murmured in a disappointed tone. "But one can't always tell. I dare say now, Master George, that yonder lad, spite of his faint stomach, would hold as stout heart with the red coats as any of you youngsters."

"It may be so," replied the other, with rather a contemptuous air, "but I would not wish to risk great odds on his courage. Will was never much of a fighting character."

"Nay, Master George," replied the schoolmaster, with a pompous air of erudition. "The old Romans were wont to say, '*Nil mortuis nisi bonum*,' or as we might say in our own tongue, 'Speak nought but good of the dead.' And surely it were better that, in speaking of the absent, we should count them as it were dead to all intents and purposes; that is to say, incapable of defending themselves against injurious accusations. Moreover, since this lad William is in some very slight degree akin to myself, I might justly be blamed were I altogether to omit bearing witness to his good qualities. He has been, generally speaking, a harmless and obedient lad, and one that appeareth to have a due reverence for the gift of learning. Concerning his bodily valor, I can testify nought. Yet the youth has been well inducted by myself into the warlike histories of Rome and Greece, and cannot but have imbibed in some degree the spirit of their immortal heroes. Verily I cannot think, with such training, that the youth would disgrace himself when necessitated to the bearing of arms. Most especially must I otherwise anticipate,

since he would doubtless have before him the ensample of Master George Carter, whose martial spirit and bearing I would uphold as matters of worthy emulation."

Dimmick yawned, two or three others grinned with an owl-like intelligence on the speaker, while young Carter (half suspecting some ironical meaning to be veiled by the language of Pollard) made haste to pay his reckoning and be gone. The schoolmaster himself, apprehensive of his sister Martha's rebuke, delayed not long to follow the example. His unpresuming dwelling was but a little way from the tavern, and lifting his eyes as he neared it, he was rather surprised to behold two carefully caparisoned steeds fastened at his gate. The peculiar fashion of their harness, the shapely saddles, and the holsters on either side, struck him with added apprehension. He had not gained the porchway ere sorer cause of alarm declared itself.

"Ah, my pretty lass, a kiss, a kiss before we part. Not such a handsome face have I seen since leaving the shores of old England."

"Forbear, good gentlemen, forbear."

"By Apollo himself I'll have a taste of those cherry lips, spite of your pretended coyness," cried the first voice loudly.

The schoolmaster hesitated no longer, but hastened into the house, gaining the large keeping room just in time to see Will Emerson, with flashing eyes and clenched hands standing over the prostrate form of an English officer. The companion of the latter, with sword unsheathed, and breathing dire oaths, seemed on the point of summarily repaying the injury inflicted on his comrade. A finely formed young woman who might have been about the witching age of seventeen, half sat, half lay, in a wide rustic arm chair at one side of the massive fire place.

"Who are you, and whence," exclaimed the master, with unwonted energy, "that you thus invade with your rudeness a peaceful man's dwelling?"

"I'll let you know, my old cock," wrathfully retorted the officer, "and this young cockerel of yours also. A fine mess it must be if one of his majesty's captains cannot kiss a pretty rebel without his interference."

"Hold there," interrupted the other Englishman, slowly lifting himself to his feet, and rearranging his disordered dress. "Let well enough alone, Phippen, if you please. I fancy accounts are now tolerably well squared. I was fool enough to behave myself improperly to a worthy young lady, and this brave lad has done his duty, learning me a lesson that I will endeavor to remember. Your pardon, reverend

sir," he added, holding out his hand with such irresistible frankness that the old schoolmaster could not refrain from accepting the offer.

"You are a brave soldier, I am sure," said the old man, with a tremulous voice, "and right-hearted at bottom, or you would not thus willingly acknowledge the desert of your intrusion. Though there are many wearing your colors who seem as they were so many ravening wolves, eager for our destruction, yet your face does not declare you of such malignant temper."

"Softly, good father," returned the Englishman, "we men of war are by no means such ogres as you have chosen to think us. We are not here of our own free will and intent, but by the command of his gracious majesty, to whom our swords are due. And for my part, I have no such longing for blood and slaughter, and that sort of thing, as your province would take it for granted that every English soldier must have. But come, Phippen, we must not linger, unless I may delay for one instant to sue for forgiveness from this fair maid. Indeed, we had but called for a drink of pure water, when my own rattle-brained folly, heightened by too much wine, urged me to an offence which I sincerely regret. So then, to horse, to horse, comrade, for the sun lowers fast in the west."

"How now, Anne?" exclaimed Master Pollard, as soon as the retreat of the intruders left him more at liberty. "It would seem that you have recovered from your fright very quickly, since I see you smiling as gaily as ever."

"How can I help laughing," exclaimed the maiden, who had once more regained her cheek's warm flush, "when I think of our bold Master George, who stands yonder so silent and pale?"

"Ha, young sir, George," said her father, suddenly perceiving that youth, who stood somewhat withdrawn within a recess of the apartment, "it is well that you for once laid aside your usual rashness. Had you also raised the hand of violence, I know not what the consequence might have been."

"Most commendable prudence in him," retorted Anne, indignantly. "He never so much as opened his mouth, and I know not what I should have done, had it not been for Will breaking in as he did. But stay, George, you alone could not have— There, I have vexed him, and he is gone," and the little beauty burst into tears.

"Why, George, Master George," exclaimed the old man, hastening to the door, though too late to intercept the flight of the chagrined youth. "Turn back, turn back, lad; never mind what the idle fussy says. *Puella instabilis*," muttered



the old man, returning to the keeping room, which he found vacant, for Anne had vanished, and William himself, sagely anticipating that the irritability of his patron would, as usual, be prone to vent itself, whether with or without proper cause, had wisely followed the girl's example. *Puella instabilis*," repeated the school-master, knitting his bushy brows together, and clenching his bony fingers in the emphasis of ejaculation. "Sox unstable, varying and inconstant. Why should this provoking girl so behave herself? Did I not know that she is really attached to this young Carter, I should feel sore indeed, since it behooves my welfare and hers too, that they be mated in due time. But why will she then so often take occasion to flout him? O, sex variable, inconstant and inexplicable!"

"What now, brother John?" said a mild voice.

"Eh, Martha, is that you? What is the matter? Why, here William has been quarrelling with two of those English officers, and had like to have raised trouble enough about our ears. And Anne has taken a miff at George Carter, because he had too much wit to embroil himself with the men of war."

"Ah, a love quarrel?" said Martha, who though some years past the bound of old maidship, was a well-formed, presentable woman, with good features, and a rather brunette complexion.

"Fish, nonsense," exclaimed Master Pollard, glancing at her angrily. "You women, the most sensible of you, are always having at your tongue's ends some silly, romantic notion or other. I tell you, Martha, that I fear every day that some of our Anne's oddities will make a breach between her and the son of the wealthy and influential Squire Carter. And if it should be so that I should lose the favor of the family, I fear that it will go hard with my future prospects."

"Will it then be a severe disappointment if your project of marriage between George and Anne should fail?"

"I have set my heart on it, Martha. Have I not toiled and dived and pinched till I am near sixty, that I and mine may gain secure footing in the world, and find ourselves beyond sordid want? Why should we not have voice and power in society, as well as others who are so much less deserving than ourselves? And how far short of my aim should I not fall, were it not for contrivance and management?"

"Your management may overshoot itself, John," replied Martha, with a little severity in her tone. "Above all, beware how you let any match-making management be noticed. No

surer means could be taken to effect the duties of your plans."

"A fig for your silly advices, Martha. Have I not studied human nature from boyhood up? But I do desire that Anne should be less capricious in her conduct. Sometimes I have noticed that she behaves as kindly and civilly to young Carter as though she had no thought of fancying any other youth in the whole world. Then, perhaps the very next day, she would be directly the opposite in her demeanor. Nay, I have sometimes scarce controlled my anger at beholding her, even in George's presence, smiling kindly on WH, our bashful Will himself, and acting as though she really most affected him of the two."

"She might not be in the wrong if she did prefer William."

Master Pollard stared at her with rounded eyes.

"I am astonished at you, Martha," he exclaimed. "'*Multum admirans*,' as the classics say. Prefer William Emerson, whom I have taken into my house through charity, as it were, since the few drops of blood which in our veins claim kindred with his family, could scarce constitute any claim to our assistance—prefer him, I repeat, to George Carter, son of the most influential man in town, a youth of the highest expectations? Martha, you are mad."

"It may be so, brother John," answered Martha, from the arm-chair within which she had now composed herself, "but you know that my conclusions are not always mistaken even when they differ from your own."

#### TEN SEVENTEENTH OF JUNE.

"Why are not those guns brought forward?" exclaimed a mounted officer, imperiously addressing a group of soldiers gathered around two pieces of cannon, halted near the foot of Bunker's Hill. "Is this your discipline?" continued the speaker, his glance resting on the leader of the artillerymen. "Every moment, sir, is precious, and here you waste your time at your ease. You are once more directed to bring forward those pieces—instantly, sir, instantly."

Without stopping to hear the rejoinder, the indignant officer rode on at full speed.

"A fine idea," murmured the young man who had been thus authoritatively accosted. "I wonder whether they expect me to obey half a dozen different orders at one and the same time?"

He kept his position, in sullen disregard of the command just issued. Meanwhile, the men who had been placed under his control began to discover signs of agitation, conversing with each

either, at first in under tones, but presently with more open utterance, as their emotions were excited by the gathering signs of conflict. It was yet early in the morn, before the actual commencement of the fray. The works at the top of the hill were intercepted from the vision by an undulation which rose at a short distance in front of our little company; and over and across this hillock, now and then plunged a shot from the British ships of war which were furiously cannonading the rebel intrenchments, and enflaming the line of march which the approaching reinforcements must necessarily pursue. The sight of these missiles as they ploughed the earth in their terrific career, was not calculated to strengthen an untried courage, and the nerves of more than one of the party shrank from more nearly encountering these engines of assault. Nor was the young leader himself exempt from a certain timidity, were one to judge by his pallid cheek and unsteady eye.

"We shall have some of those balls cutting in here amongst us, if we stop much longer," muttered one. "I for one think we might as well fall back a little till Captain Harris comes up with the rest of the troop. I know that he gave order that we should halt hereabout till his arrival; but he couldn't have meant that Lieutenant Carter should expose us 'thout any use."

The spirit of the men was plainly giving way, although some still said that they ought to go on at once when there was so much need of their assistance. Young Emerson, who was ensign in the company, saw the critical moment, and the necessity of immediate action.

"Sir," said he, addressing himself to Lieutenant Carter, "I would make bold to advise that we march on immediately. Some accident doubtless has detained Captain Harris, and at all events we have just received authority for an instant advance. Our further delay may be of great disadvantage."

"What, sir," exclaimed Carter, his face reddening, and his sword half uplifted, "do you presume to dictate your orders to me—to me, your superior officer?"

"No, sir," retorted Emerson, thoroughly aroused, "but there is something else that I will presume to do." "Men," he exclaimed, addressing his companions with a loud voice, "who of you came here to-day to fight? To those who did so purpose, I would say that we are losing precious moments. We have been ordered by competent authority to go on. Our present officer refuses, for what reason he himself best knows. Now, then, I will take the responsibility of moving these guns. Who helps?"

"At your peril," shouted the Lieutenant, with a threatening gesture.

He was intercepted, however, by a score of hardy forms, and as many voices eagerly exclaimed:

"Go on, ensign, go on; we'll have up the guns."

Others stood aloof, sulky and silent, yet interposing no obstacle to the action of their brave companions. These latter, putting forth their strength in earnest, moved rapidly on with the cannon, inspiring each other with short snatches of a rude Lexington ballad of which time has barely spared a single couplet:

"The red coats marched for Concord bridge,  
So merrily beat their drums, O!"

When arrived within a few yards of the intrenchments they were met by another mounted officer, a stout-built, farmer-like looking man.

"How's this, lads?" he said pleasantly. "Rather short handed for the management of these little playthings. Is this all of your company?"

"No, general," answered one, "you'll find t'other half of our company in snug shelter down yonder."

His questioner's eyes flashed fire, and he was instantly speeding in the direction indicated.

"Old Put's dander is started," said the man who had just spoken. "I rather guess you'll see our nice lieutenant and the rest of 'em up here pooty shortly now if I aint mistaken."

The guns had scarcely been placed in position when Carter and the rest of the company joined their companions.

"Which of you led the party that brought up these guns?" said Putnam, again presenting himself.

A dozen fingers were pointed at Emerson, who stood in confusion, hardly knowing whether he were not to be the recipient of blame rather than praise for the bold step which he had taken.

"Are you acquainted with the management of cannon?" inquired the general, eyeing him sharply.

"I have paid some attention to it, sir," replied Emerson, modestly.

"Beg your pardon, general, for speaking," exclaimed a sedate, middle-aged man, stepping forward, "but I must say what he wont say himself, and that is, that he can handle these cannon as well as our captain himself."

"Your captain? very well, where is he?"

"Can't say, exactly," replied Carter, who now felt compelled to speak, "but—"

"Enough," ejaculated Putnam, impatiently. "Young sir," turning to Emerson, "you will

take command of these guns till further orders be received in my name, observe you. And do you, sir," abruptly confronting Carter, "take care that his orders are promptly obeyed. Let us so behave ourselves that this day will at least do us no dishonor."

And with a meaning glance at the young lieutenant, he passed on, murmuring to himself:

"Heavens, I believe the boys are taking place of the men—captain missing, lieutenant wont stir, boy ensign brings up the guns to action! Ah, a little sharp seasoning will bring these laggards to their senses."

Young Emerson had at first given very little attention to matters around, but glancing aside a moment or two after the general's departure, he was startled at beholding the gaunt figure of Master Pollard turned toward him in an attitude of the utmost surprise.

"*Eheu, mirabile dictu!*" ejaculated the worthy man, alternately eyeing his young kinsman, and the discomfited Carter. "Truly it is marvellous! '*Milites est dux*,' the soldier is now a leader, and commands his own commanders. Truly, it is marvellous!"

"Master Pollard, Master Pollard," replied Emerson, with more than equal consternation, "is it possible that you are here? Indeed, sir, you are too venturesome at your age."

"Nay," exclaimed Master Pollard, transformed as it were to the appearance of another being by the earnestness of his feeling. "Am I too old to die for my country? I have come among these youths and riper men to show them that the aged also can bear a part in the day's work. Neither have my eyes yet lost their vision altogether, nor my arms their vigor."

"Well said," added a man at his left, leaning for an instant on a spade which he had been industriously plying. "Well said, sir. You can use a spade, too, as well as the rest of us, that I witness. For my part, I am tired out with shovelling earth; I have labored since midnight, and heartily wish this part of the work were done."

It seemed but a second of time, when a cannon shot grazed the top of the works, and Master Pollard was nearly prostrated by the shock of a body falling against him. His neighbor lay at his feet, his right arm and shoulder torn away. A single gasp and he was dead.

"His work is done," said Pollard, slowly.

A crowd gathered quickly around the corpse. To most this was a totally new experience, that of death on the battle field, with its appalling and sudden violence. As they gazed, a stalwart, military-looking man came up.

"My lads," he said, "I trust this is no more than what we are prepared to see many times to-day. Better thus than on a sick bed, far better. Those who fall to-day will be like those of Lexington, immortal. That will do, lads, take your spades and bury the dead quickly as possible."

"What," exclaimed a rustic and astonished bystander, "bury him without even a prayer?"

"My good fellow, if I should fall to-day, I should have neither spade nor prayer; time enough for such things to-morrow," replied Prescott, with a smile as full of seriousness as could have been the gravest countenance.

"Shame, shame," exclaimed one and another, with excited looks, "can no chaplain be found?"

Prescott's countenance lowered, and he was about to issue a sterner command, when Master Pollard, with bared head, arrested him.

"Sir," he said, "may it not be well for the moment to gratify what is certainly no unworthy feeling? Though no clergyman, I trust I may be able to say a few appropriate words."

"They must be few," answered Prescott, pointedly.

Master Pollard raised his eyes with reverent air, and every breath was hushed in close attention.

"Our Father in heaven, who wilt hear those who pray to thee humbly, and in a righteous cause, hear us, thy too sinful children, who this day go forth to battle the enemies of their country. Thou who didst in ancient times receive the flocks of the field as a sin-offering from thy people, wilt thou, this day, receive, the life blood which we fervently offer, giving thy blessing to that country which we would willingly die to save. Amen, and amen!"

The body was lowered into the ditch, and quickly covered. The crowd dispersed silently and steadily to their posts. Every sign of dread seemed to have vanished, and they were strengthened most visibly by those few words for the task before them. The day passed on with all its glorious horrors, rank after rank were mowed in death, and when the thrice repulsed foe were again driven as it were to the assault, when cartridge box and powder horn were empty, and when the close bristling bayonets pushed forward with deadly order on the rustic troops, still the latter bore back steadily, and with face to the foe. Musket butts and stones answered when all else failed; and the rustic, ill-armed militia kept at bay the veterans of England, retreating with equal step towards the narrow isthmus which was to place them in security.

"Don't give up the guns, boys," shouted

Emerson. "One more for Lexington and Bunker's!"

One more larum of slaughter poured forth; one more, and the last. Amid the volleying smoke their foes were upon them. The little band was fearfully thinned. Half their number had fallen.

"Don't desert me, Emerson," cried the feeble voice of Carter, who lay extended on the earth. His entreaty was vain.

"Steady, lads; close together, and lay on. There comes old Put himself."

And, at the word, the veteran with some two score sturdy reapers of death beside him, cleared a space around.

"Move on, move on, my brave fellows—take care of yourselves—let the brass playthings go. They'll not serve the redcoats to-day, I'll warrant. So put spike and hammer."

The crash and clamor of conflict rolled on, falling dull on Carter's sinking sense.

"He has left me to die," he murmured.

With an effort of reviving strength he raised himself on his elbow. He could still distinguish Putnam's rusty hat and flaming sword. The tide of retreat wavered for an instant, and the cry came: "Emerson is down; save him!"

"Move on!"

Two years had passed. Burgoyne's surrender had just lightened the gloomy horizon with a flood of joy and hope. Men's hearts, which had sunk to the stagnant depths of sullen though stubborn despair, now bounded with animation and vigor, and a universal thanksgiving spread throughout the land.

Accompanying the captive army in its inglorious march toward the eastern seaboard, came Carter, now a major in regular commission. His spirit was light and free as the bracing air which he drew in every breath. The transient cloud which had dimmed his first essay in arms had long since passed away. The encomiums of his superiors, the public commendation of Gates himself, might have been sufficient cause for exultation. But other and milder rays than those of warlike fame illumined the future. Gentle Anne Pollard, gentle and more beautiful than ever, had listened to his suit, and had not said him nay. In brief, he was hastening to his wedding day, which was to take place immediately on his arrival. The anticipated event, so welcome to him, was scarce less so to Master Pollard, and to the elder Carter, whose severe and rather worldly heart had been quite thawed by the charming face of his prospective daughter-in-law.

"A most worthy young man, Martha," exclaimed the schoolmaster to his sister, his heart meanwhile swelling with exultation. "A most worthy young man he has proved himself, and how different from the perverse lad Emerson, with whom you were once so much taken."

"Poor fellow!" said Martha, with a sigh. "I wish that I could know for a certainty what has become of him."

"Know for a certainty?" exclaimed Master Pollard, his face ablaze. "What possesses you to say thus, when we all know that he deserted to the British, and is now flourishing at the south with a pocket full of money, and a fat office, the young villain. I could wish that he had been knocked on the head at Bunker's, and lain there, as I intended that young Carter should have lain, for all the help that he would give."

"There may be some mistake, possibly," interposed the compassionate sister.

"Mistake about what? I declare you are enough to put a saint in a passion with your possiblys. You know very well that James Gibson said there was no doubt that Emerson saw and heard Carter. He stood right beside him, and perceived him look that way. It was scarce more than a yard distant. It is very easy to understand it; there had been rivalry between the youngsters. But there, Martha, I meant not to have said so much. Heaven forbid that I should wish William Emerson ill. And indeed, it is not wishing him other than well to say that I had a thousand times rather that he had died an honorable death, than to be living now, a traitor to his home and country."

Martha was effectually silenced. Yet a mutual gloom pressed on the spirits of the two, when Anne entered the room, bent on some household errand, her silken hair awave, and the tender roses and lilies coming and going like the gentle tints of an early summer morn. Such a light as was dispersed through the just now saddened room! Master Pollard, with unwonted levity of action, caught her by the arm as she passed him, and pushing softly back the tresses which encroached upon her forehead, said, with a half serious smile:

"So light and free of care, my little butterfly! And to-morrow, perchance, George Carter will be here."

"So soon?" exclaimed Anne. And there was a slight change of color, and a little tremor in her voice as she spoke.

Martha, standing by the table, involuntarily took up a small Bible which lay thereon. On a blank leaf, as she opened it, met her eyes the name of William Emerson, in his own writing.

"Poor boy!" she said, scarce aloud. "That would scarce seem a dishonest hand that traced those round and well-shaped letters."

She was startled at feeling a breath upon her cheek. Anne whispered, with a strange, wild look in her eyes:

"Aunt Martha, I saw him last night."

"Anne!"

"I dreamed it. He was pale, deadly pale. I can remember scarce anything, except that he said he had been belied. Aunt Martha, it is dreadful."

"My dear Anne, you tremble like a leaf. You have been a little nervous, that is all. There, love, think no more about it. We have a thousand like idle visions. We but spoke, of him the other eve, and this has come of it. I could recount you a full score of such baseless visions."

And, with a kiss, the comforting woman dispelled the pallor from the cheek of fair Anne. Master Pollard, meanwhile, out of hearing of this colloquy, looked on with a curious perplexity. Anne turned a glance thither, and instantly comprehended that a cheerful countenance would just at that moment be peculiarly appropriate. So, with a smile of the gayest liveliness she sprang forward, and throwing her arm playfully around him, dragged him away to the farther corner.

"Ah, sir, we must not risk your listening to our little follies."

"A joyous occasion this, friend Dimmick."

"Hum, yes, I s'pose one ought to think so."

"Ah, captain, you are a born grumbler, I must believe," exclaimed the first speaker, who was no other than Dick Hazeltine, the jolly and well-to-do merchant of the village. "One would think, from your grum looks, that you had come to attend a funeral instead of a wedding. Happy and joyous, why not, pray? Here is Master Pollard, full to the brim with honest pride and satisfaction. There is Stephen Carter, Esq., justice of peace, member of assembly, and what not, at this very moment totally forgetful of strut and consequence in his sympathy with the happiness of Carter, minor, who stands yonder, hardly conscious whether he is on his heels or his head. And who can say anything, pray, when he looks at this sweet young bride so soon to be?"

"It is I that can say it, Master Hazeltine. I am a rough fellow, I know, and one whom you would not think capable of looking very far into ladies' minds; but I can tell you that not five minutes since, that girl was thinking of a very different person from George Carter."

"Pooh, captain, you mean Will Emerson. I have heard you say that before now. But I don't think that she ever thought much of him. And I know that you and George are no great friends."

"And never will be, the popinjay! But he is coming this way. Such a condescending shake of the hand as he bestows on his humble guests! I'm off, for I want no such lofty notice."

"Ah, Dimmick," exclaimed Hazeltine, as the veteran retreated, "what a man you might be if you could but wring that drop of gall from out of your heart!—Major Carter, I wish you joy. Here am I with a crowd of your old acquaintances and fellow-soldiers to participate in your happiness."

"Ay, ay, I thank you, sir," replied Carter, with an abstracted air. "But, I pray, can you tell me who that man is who has seated himself at the table near the door? He is a stranger to me."

"A stranger?" echoed Hazeltine, peering over his questioner's shoulder. "Sure enough, and strange enough he looks—dusty, scarred, and such eyes! Dare say it's some chap a little overloaded with liquor, who has stumbled in here. Well, well, never mind, as long as he is quiet."

"What ails the major?" said one of Hazeltine's companions a moment after the bridegroom had passed on. "'Pears to me he looks a little out o' sorts like."

"O, nothing, except there's an unbidden guest here that looks as if he had gotten his liquor aboard a little too early. And you know what Jim Thomson says, 'When a fellow's to be married or hung, he likes to have things go on in good shape.'"

"Well, Dick Hazeltine, you must always be joking, I b'leve. But, law, here comes the gal herself, pretty and blushin' as a June mornin', bridesmaids, groom and all. Declare it's enough to make an old fellow young again to look at her. No glum looks about Major George now, I warrant you."

"Why, Mason, who would have thought you so poetic? But hist, Parson Goodenow is going to begin. Hope the old man won't be quite so lengthy as he sometimes is."

The clergyman commenced a preliminary address, the prolonged phraseology of which seemed not to promise the fulfilment of the hope just expressed. But Hazeltine presently forgot all anxiety on that score, in observing a singular change in the demeanor of the young bride. At first, unusually composed as she sat by the side of the groom, awaiting the commencement of

the marriage ceremony, her color a few instants afterward began to come and go like that of one struck by some vague apprehension. Then she became pale, apparently unconscious of what was spoken, her eyes turned intently toward the farther end of the apartment. The eyes of Hazeltine and others also followed that singular gaze till attention centred on the countenance of the unbidden guest, now sitting with head erect, his face of corpse-like hue, rendered more striking by a long red seam which descended from temple to cheek. His eyes flashed with a preternatural brilliancy that chained in apparent fascination every faculty of Anne Pollard's mind. So marked became her agitation that the clergyman paused. Dimmick and Hazeltine pressed forward to remove the cause of the disturbance.

"Friend," said the merchant, "your manner is unseemly, your appearance scarce befitting the occasion. We would entreat you to retire."

"Come, sir, up with you," added Dimmick, with difficulty restraining himself to such a grasp on the offender's arm as would indicate an alternative which most intruders would have disliked to await, in view of the iron muscle exhibited in the veteran's clasp. But scarce had Dimmick placed his hand on the stranger, when the latter flung him backward as though the firm set man were the merest child.

"He is mad!"

"Mad—mad?" cried the intruder, rising and breaking out in feverish utterance. "Who would not be mad? Will none of ye greet me? Ha, dapper groom, fair maiden, must I be gone, back to shame and the prison rot? Curses on ye all, fair lips and lying hearts!"

"William!" thrilled a low, imploring voice.

"Forgive me," cried the maniac, his tones suddenly lowered to gentleness. "I am neither coward nor traitor, but since you ask it I will go. Yes, I will go."

At the word he fell. A dozen hands were outstretched to raise him, but Anne was already there, his head supported in her clasp, while the blood from his re-opened wound trickled on her snowy dress.

"William, William!—dear William—live, and I will be yours; indeed I will!"

"Neighbors," said Dimmick, hurriedly, to those around him, "we cannot be wanted just at this moment. There is space for us in the garden and orchard, till the household recovers from this unforeseen occurrence. Well, I should never have thought that to be William Emerson."

The rough soldier was, among all the guests,

first to evidence a rare and delicate consideration of feeling. The apartments were soon cleared, Anne was conveyed fainting to her own apartment, Emerson was placed on a bed in an adjoining room, and a message despatched to the physician. The elder Carter could not restrain his annoyance at such proceedings.

"Very improper, very improper," he repeatedly exclaimed. "Miss Anne, too, should not have thought it. Not respectful treatment at all."

A little consideration, however, and a few words from his son and Master Pollard sufficed to check his irritation, when Martha Pollard, coming in, said that Anne wished to talk with George. He obeyed the call.

Anne was half reclining in the arm-chair, when he approached and took the little hand which she extended with a look so beseeching.

"O, George, can you ever pardon me? Indeed, I can go no farther. I cannot marry you. I was led to believe him dead—dead to us at all events—forever. And now—George, the day before he left us for battle, I gave him my heart. He has it now. Pardon me!"

And her head with its waving tresses bent over his clasped hand in utter grief and humiliation. George shook with answering emotion, but he thought and answered manfully.

"I do forgive you, Anne, hard as it is to part with you in this way. But if you love William Emerson better than you do me, Heaven bless you both, heartily. I have been called selfish, but, Anne, I am not so to-day. And William, there has been some great mistake, doubtless he has been belied, but tell him I have had no hand in it. Anne, I can't say more. Good-by!"

She made no reply, but her eyes and her countenance told all she would have said.

For weeks William Emerson lay dangerously ill with brain fever. Before he rose again he and Anne Pollard had joined hands forever. Health again recovered, Emerson once more entered his country's service, knowing no dearer friend and fellow-soldier than Major George Carter. Both the one and the other became ennobled in character by their attachment; an attachment so strong that it gave rise to a proverb among their townsmen, "Like Carter and Emerson."

The reports of Emerson's recreancy, so strongly attested as to have gained universal belief, had arisen from the coincidence of his name with that of a refugee from New York. The young soldier had escaped from a long and cruel imprisonment, making his way homeward in a condition scarce removed from insanity.